

1. K. Leade couragious Cofin.

1. 2. K. Wee'l follow cheerefully.

*A great noise within crying, run, save hold:*

*Enter in hast a Messenger.*

*Mess.* Hold, hold, O hold, hold, hold.

*Enter Pirithous in haste.*

*Pir.* Hold hoa: It is a curfed haft you made

If you have done so quickly: noble *Palamon*,

The gods will shew their glory in a life.

That thou art yet to leade.

*Pal.* Can that be,

When *Venus* I have said is false? How doe things fare?

*Pir.* Arise great Sir, and give the tydings eare

That are most early sweet, and bitter.

*Pal.* What

Hath wakt us from our dreame?

*Pir.* Lift then: your Cofen

Mounted upon a Steed that *Emily*

Did first bestow on him, a blacke one, owing

Not a hayre worth of white, which some will say

Weakens his price, and many will not buy

His goodnesse with this note: Which superstition

Heere findes allowance: On this horse is *Arcite*

Trotting the stones of *Athens*, which the *Calkins*

Did rather tell, then trample; for the horse

Would make his length a mile, if't pleas'd his Rider

To put pride in him: as he thus went counting

The flinty pavement, dancing as t'wer to'th Musicke

His owne hoofes made; (for as they say from iron

Came Musickes origen) what envious Flint,

Cold as old *Saturne*, and like him posselt,

With fire malevolent, darted a Sparke

Or what feirce sulphur else, to this end made,

I comment not; the hot horse, hot as fire

Tooke Toy at this, and fell to what disorder

His power could give his will, bounds, comes on end,

Forgets schoole doeing, being therein traint,

And of kind mannadge, pig-like he whines

At

At the sharpe Rowell, which he freats at rather

Then any jot obaies; seekes all foule meanes

Of boystrous and rough Iadrie, to dis-seate

His Lord, that kept it bravely: when nought serv'd,

When neither Curb would cracke, girth breake nor diffing

Dis-roote his Rider whence he gre w, but that (plunges

He kept him tweene his legges, on his hind hoofes

on end he stands

That *Arcite's* leggs being higher then his head

Seem'd with strange art to hang: His victoros wreath

Even then fell off his head: and presently

Backward the Iade comes ore, and his full poyze

Becomes the Riders loade: yet is he living,

But such a vessell tis, that floates but for

The surge that next approaches: he much desires

To have some speech with you: Loe he appeares.

*Enter Theseus, Hipolita, Emilia, Arcite, in a chaire.*

*Pal.* O miserable end of our alliance

The gods are mightie *Arcite*, if thy heart,

Thy worthie, manly heart be yet unbroken:

Give me thy last words, I am *Palamon*,

One that yet loves thee dying.

*Arc.* Take *Emilia*

And with her, all the worlds joy: Reach thy hand,

Farewell: I have told my last houre; I was false,

Yet never treacherous: Forgive me Cofen:

One kisse from faire *Emilia*: Tis done:

Take her: I die.

*Pal.* Thy brave soule seeke *Elizium*.

(thee,

*Emil.* Ile close thine eyes Prince; blessed soules be with

Thou art a right good man, and while I live,

This day I give to teares.

*Pal.* And I to honour.

*Thes.* In this place first you fought: ev'n very here

I sundred you, acknowledge to the gods

Our thanks that you are living:

His part is playd, and though it were too short

He did it well: your day is lengthned, and,

The